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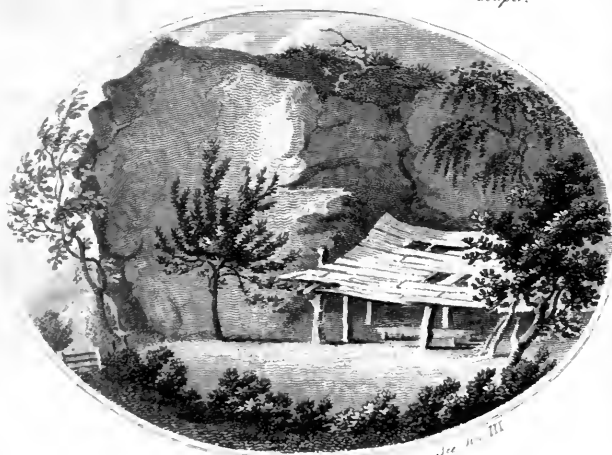
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SONNETS,
AND
OTHER SMALL POEMS:
BY
T. PARK,

*"I, and such as I,
Spread little wings, and rather slip than fly,
Perch'd on the meagre produce of the land,
An ell or two of prospect we command,
But never peep beyond the thorny bound,
Or oaken fence that hems the paddock round."*

Cowper.



Medland sculp.

See N. III

LONDON:
Printed for G. Sael, N^o 192 Strand.
1797.

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SONNET

TO MISS SEWARD.

Will BRITAIN'S MUSE, who foremost rush'd to hail
Her Country's Chief; the memory of the Brave
Whose tear embalm'd; who, o'er the Hero's grave
That dropt untimely, swell'd with glory's gale
Her epic strain. Will SHE, who cloth'd Love's Tale
In verse more lovely; or, by Deva's wave,
The deeds of elder Cambria loudly gave
Again to fame! Will SHE with friendship's veil
Shield 'rebel-rhyme†,' ev'n while her hands prepare
To shew that studious art and taste refin'd,
Can make our rugged language graceful wear
Ausonian chains‡. Will SEWARD's loftier mind
'These lays regard?—Yes: for her liberal care
Round Poësy's fair steep hath made them easier wind.

A

P R E F A C E.

THE following miscellaneous Poems have been composed as occasion gave them birth, without any higher motive than the indulgence of personal feeling, or the gratification of some particular friend. By the counsel of Mr. COWPER, they were first encouraged to solicit public notice. By the comments of Miss SEWARD, they have been rendered less unworthy to do so: though neither the Telamonian Shield of the one, nor the Palladian Ægis of the other, can afford any confident defence against the Critics' 'arrowy shower.'

Should the encomiums bestowed on living Poets to some appear profuse; the Writer can truly say, that such has been *his* admiration of the Muses, as to make him entertain a partiality for all their Favorites. And if this apology prove insufficient; he begs to strengthen it by an aphorism which he feels to be just,—that 'next to the happiness of being possessed of merit, is to shew one's approbation of those who are.'

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SONNETS.



SONNETS.

SONNET I.

ADDRESS TO THE RURAL MUSE.

MUSE of the Landscape! that in sylvan shade,
With meek Simplicity, thy handmaid, dwells :
Oft hast thou led me through sequester'd dells,
O'er airy heights, and down the funny glade
Where vernant wreaths for thee I sought to braid
Of wild-blown roses, or of azure bells
Cull'd by some limpid fount that softly wells;
And hast thou no return of kindness made ?
Yes, thou hast sooth'd my heart in sorrow's hour,
And many a wayward passion oft beguil'd ;
Thy charms have won me to Reflection's bow'r,
When Folly else, with visions false and wild,
Had lur'd my footsteps, by her witching pow'r,
From thee, enchanting Nature's loveliest child !

SONNET II.

ON A RURAL THEFT.

Written at BELVEDERE, in KENT.

ELVES, and ye orëad train of BELVEDERE,
Whose light steps nimbly o'er the green moss play,
What time the star of evening 'gins to peer,
With paly lustre through the beech-wood grey;
Slow to your cirque I saw a Plunderer steer
With step perfidious, and intent on prey
While all your insect-lamps were glistening near,
He bore a lucid Glow-worm soft away :—
But ye pursued him with your wilieft art,
Drew spinners' webs of film athwart his eyes,
With pungent thistles made his sinews smart,
And while he stoop'd to guard them, snatch'd his prize.
So may all fare, who led by Hesper's ray,
Ungently pillage from the bower of fay.

SONNET III.

*An Evening Address to the Rocks near
TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.*

ROMANTIC Guardians of this peaceful vale,
That o'er yon rafter'd shed raise high your brow;
Say, does some wizard up your cleft side scale,
And like a blighted pollard seem to grow?
Wrapt in the mazy windings of the dale,
Do elfin-monarchs hold their court below,
Or down the devious rill by moonlight sail,
Their bark a shell, a grassy blade their prow?
Whate'er your residents, whate'er their task,
To shield the founding¹ cliff, or springs unlock,
Whether they now in sloping sun-beams bask,
Or doze till midnight in the rifted rock;
Still let a stranger mark their hallow'd reign,
And hear in rising winds their mystic strain.

SONNET IV.

*Written in Mr. SCOTT'S GARDEN, at AMWELL-END, HERTS,
a short Time after his Decease.*

As some lone mourner, with a pilgrim's love,
Roams to the distant mansions of the dead,
Hangs o'er each relic with a joy above
What festal pleasures ever boast to shed.
So, by poetic sorrow fondly led,
Thro' AMWELL's widow'd scenes I secret rove,
Retrace each path where Theron² us'd to tread,
And pierce afresh each inspirative grove;
With lingering sadness pause around the spot
Where art and nature strove with taste to blend,
Where Theron delv'd his subterranean grot,
Theron, the Muse's and the Poet's friend!
Alas! that it should prove my hapless lot
To see the cypress o'er his pale urn bend.

SONNET V.

WRITTEN NEAR BAYHAM-ABBEY,
SUSSEX.

IN ancient days of superstitious dread,
When lordly abbots kept the world in fear ;
When monkish craft his secret banquet spread,
Yet seem'd in outward penance most austere :
Yon cloister'd pile, by wealthy bigots³ fed,
With fretted roof was wont its porch to rear,
Where smothering ivy now is seen to braid
Each beetling fragment with its umbrage drear :
Disastrous change! yet, to the mental view,
More pleas'd such pomp in ruins I survey,
Than when in fainted guise the priestly crew
To drowsy vespers drag'd their loitering way ;
More pleas'd with pious worth's unblazon'd deeds,
Than conclaves of grey cowls, or treasuries of beads.

SONNET VI.

TO CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Too fond Enthusiast of the twilight bow'r!
Who lov'st with lonely Philomel to plain,
With her, in melting minstrelsy, to pour
At once the saddest and the sweetest strain:
Still wont to sorrow 'neath the moon-beam pale,
Thy bosom presses, sure, no fancied thorn;
Else thou could'st never breathe such piteous bale,
Else thou could'st never wear a look so lorn:
Heart-stricken deeply by some barbed grief,
Has sympathy a balm for cureless woe?
Haply this thought may minister relief,
If aught on earth a solace can bestow;
That generous COWPER, Britain's tuneful chief!
With purest friendship gives his soul to glow.



Medland sculp.

London: Published March 4th 1797. by C. Sacl. Strand.

SONNET - VII.

*Written in Sight of RECULVER, on the Approach of a
SEA-STORM.*

DARK'heaves the wave along the lonely strand,
 The cowering sea-mew droops her dusky wing,
 The plover, circling, seeks a safer land,
 While to their rocky cove the swallows cling :
 Clouds, thickly-driving, veil the face of day;
 And now the gathering tempest raves more near,
 High o'er the beach froths up the spumy spray,
 And ev'n at noon the shades of night appear.
 Yet do these horrors with congenial gloom
 Paint the sad tale yon sister-spires record
 Of two fond spirits, whose distressful doom
 Ingenuous Feeling & sweetly hath deplor'd,
 And to the eye of sympathy restor'd
 From dark Tradition's legendary tomb.

SONNET VIII.

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR-CASTLE.

IMPERIAL Dome, whose turret-crowned heights
Catch the prime effluence of Apollo's rays ;
Whose gorgeous bannerols, and storied fights
In proud achievement fix the wondering gaze.
Thine is the martial legend that recites
How Gallia's Monarch in great Edward's days,
With Scotia's Champion and his captive knights,
Here swell'd the triumph in their Victor's praise :
Thine is the trophied hall of Albion's Saint,
Whence classic Eton's hoary-vested towers
With gothic majesty the scene attire ;
And thine the boast—from Surrey's love-sick plaint,
That round these banner'd walls, and crested bowers,
Have harp'd the ' noblest Bards of Britain's quire !'

SONNET IX.

*To the Rev. Mr. BANSON, Minister of
TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.*

BENSON! in thee there dwells an holy calm
Which pure religion can alone inspire;
Thy chasten'd manners wear an outward charm
That speaks a soul sublim'd by virtue's fire,
And prompts a Stranger warmly to admire;
One, who would glow to greet thee as his friend,
And oft thy skilful pilotage require
To shape Life's voyage smoothly to its end.
But this is Fancy's visionary joy :—
My world-bound bark must course an hardier way,
Mid rocks and shoals that threaten or annoy,
Near coasts, where error gleams her faithless ray,
And beacons rarely blaze so bright as Thee,
To guide o'er folly's shelves, and passion's troublous
sea.

SONNET X.

On leaving TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

YE scenes, long courted for salubrious powers,
Where Nature with her shelter'd meads hath blent
The breezy upland purpled o'er with flowers,
And latent stream with mineral dew besprent :
In future seasons may your charms be lent,
While leisure leads along my roseate hours
Thro' the smooth vale, or up the steep ascent,
When spring looks gay, or autumn wildly lours.
For sweet, tho' swift, alas ! the moments fled,
As near yon cot I hymn'd my matin lay ;
And hallow'd are the paths Peace deigns to tread,
And dear is every vestige of the way,
And blest each scene which frames the mind to share
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care.

SONNET XI.

To Dr. THOMAS, late Bishop of ROCHESTER.

TO thee, O ROCHESTER! an humble Muse
Tenders her offering on an honest plan,
With due respect thy titled grandeur views,
But pays her better tribute to the man:
For mitred brows could yield but futile fame,
If knowledge bound not there her brighter wreath,
And purpled lawn could little homage claim,
Did not the breast of virtue glow beneath:
But when external honours shine with light
From learning, meekness, piety's mild worth
Reflected, like the stellar gems of night
From solar glory, that irradiates earth;
Then will the Muse her plaudits breathe around,
And teach, as now, her syrinx to resound,

SONNET XII.

TO MR. HAYLEY.

ACCOMPLISH'D Master of the charmed shell,
Whose touch can sweetly modulate its tone
To melting sorrow's elegiac moan,
Now the full chord with epic grandeur swell,
And now, the spleenful passions to repel,
In dulcet notes each Orphic pow'r make known
That draws, with art peculiarly thine own,
Round Beauty's magic, Temper's lovelier spell.
This votive verse, which kindling ardors frame
That flow from feelings not to thee unknown,
Accept, from one who zealous for thy fame,
May haply seem too heedless of his own;
Nor scorn,—tho' rival bards thy triumph raise,
The poor ovation of a minstrel's praise.

SONNET XIII.

On being censured for collecting Epitaphs.

By marble cenotaph, or grassy mound,
The lay funereal studious to explore,
As slow I traverse thro' the church-yard's bound,
Or mid the chancel's ancient relics pore,
And add some 'frail memorial' to my store
Ere yet in pensiveness I quit the ground;
Not *idle* deem the monitory lore,
Which from the page of fate I gather round :
For he who frequent marks Life's final goal,
May learn to estimate its course more true,
May bid his thought the high career pursue,
Where years eternal their dread courses roll,
And Truth decrees an amaranthine prize
For him who wins on earth to wear amid the skies,

SONNET XIV.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-COAST.

UNFAITHFUL deep, what variance dost thou show,
An emblem of thyself thy billows bear,
Now glossy green the chequer'd currents flow,
Now skirt the wild horizon dun and drear:
Unceasing source of wretchedness and care
To those who trust thy summer-rippling wave,
They little reck what wintry storms are near,
How oft the buoyant surge conceals a grave.
Me,—thou can'st never tempt, thou restless flood!
Tho' now soft murmuring rolls thy surfy swell,
To me e'en now each surf appears a shroud,
And every soften'd murmur sounds a knell!
Me,—Love invites mid tranquil joys to live,
Such as thy changeful nature cannot give.

SONNET XV.

TO MRS. P.

For thee, best treasure of a husband's heart
Whose blifs it is that thou for life art so,
That thy fond bosom bears a faithful part,
In every casual change his breast can know.
For thee, whom virtuous passion made his choice,
Whom Genius and Affection make his pride,
Connubial rapture tunes his grateful voice,
And hails the mother dearer than the bride :
And tho' thy worth deserves a brighter palm
Than laureate hands round diadems entwine,
Love's simple chaplet happily may charm
With truer, tenderer ecstacy, from mine!
-And let me still but reign thy 'bosom's lord,'
Be fame or wealth their votary's reward.

SONNET XVI.

Written in an Alcove where THOMSON composed his Seasons.

AERIAL Spirits, who forsook your sky
To whisper charmed sounds in THOMSON's ear,
Or shaded from the ken of grosser eye,
Did to the Bard in holy trance appear ;
Still guard the sacred grove which once was dear,
On every leaf enweave a druid-spell,
And say to the profane, should such come near,
Here did the ' woodland ' pilgrim ' form his cell;
The priest of Nature here his temple plac'd,
And rais'd the incense of his song on high ;
With sylvan honours was his altar grac'd,
His harp was tun'd to heavenly psalmistry :
Here did he pour to Nature's GOD the strain !—
And should you scorn the worship, shun the fane.

SONNET XVII.

*On seeing the Name of DYER excluded from a List of English Poets,
descanted upon in 'the Village Curate.'*

AND are *thy* strains unheeded, gentle Bard,
In this fair muster-roll of British rhyme;
Could Grongar's beauties vainly claim regard
By pictur'd sentiment, or numerous chime?
Must Latium's fall, with sympathetic doom,
Whelm in oblivion the Poet's lay;
Or every well-fung labour of the ' Loom
Sink, like its patriot-subject, to decay?
Yet, virtuous DYER! tho' tis still thy fate
To grasp no guerdon from fastidious fame,
Because on truth thy Muse made fancy wait,
Far less to trifle than to teach her aim;
Yet shall the mind unsway'd by critic-state,
Cherish thy memory, and respect thy name.

SONNET XVIII.

On framing the engraved Heads of MILTON and SHAKSPEARE.

THOU, who on seraph-pinion dauntless flew
From heav'n's bright throne to hell's dominion drear,
That thou might'st bring to our astonish'd view,
All we now hope with all we had to fear.
And thou, sweet Bard, his only fit compeer,
Who nature's scenes in all their changes drew;
Whose fancy, unconfin'd to one wide sphere,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.
Sons of true genius & heirs of deathless fame!
Here shall your chosen portraitures be plac'd,
By all the graphic skill of Albion grac'd;
Albion, that sounds through Europe her acclaim,
While Europe wafts it o'er th' Atlantic main,
And echoing millions catch the boastful strain.

SONNET XIX.

*Written near a ruinous Mansion at GROOMBRIDGE, where Charles Duke
of ORLEANS was many years a Prisoner of War.*

HEROIC Chiefs of this once-boasted hall,
If e'er your spectred forms at midnight float
O'er the fall'n battlement or half-fill'd moat,
Like dubious vapours near some charnel wall
Which the belated way-farer appal;—
Mourn ye those antique times of proud approof,
When captur'd banners wav'd beneath your roof,
To taunt the royal ^s Troubadour of Gaul?
Yet, let your modern sons revere the day,
Howe'er in some degenerate changes sunk,
When hostile arms to civil arts gave way,
And moats to rills, and towers to hovels shrunk :
While the fierce clarion to the sheep-bell yields,
And tented moors to cultivated fields.

SONNET XX.

*Written in a Manuscript Copy of Miss SEWARD's Poems, after having
rescued it from the Printing-house.*

SNATCH'D from the tortuous grasp and touch impure
Of spoilers, reckless whose creative mind
And polish'd skill these varied strains combin'd
In soul-subduing verse, that can allure
To rapturous ecstasy ;—henceforth, be sure
Of more fit homage, while ye rest enshrin'd
Beneath my letter'd cope, in union join'd
With living Harmonists, whose lays secure
From Albion grateful wreaths.—With aspect dear
To me have ever beam'd the sons of song ;
SEWARD I honour'd as their genuine peer,
The Siren-sister of our Delphic throng !
And hence my ardency of zeal sincere
To wrest her Sibyl leaves from senseless wrong.

SONNET XXI.

Written on the Sands below BEACHY-HEAD.

WITH giant-port high towering o'er the main,
BEACHY, thy cliffs in massy grandeur rise
Like some cleft castle, which with calm disdain
Still braves the outrage of inclement skies :
The daws that round thy chalky summit soar
Are dimly seen, and feebly heard their cries,
While the hoarse tide that flows with hollow roar,
Round many a fallen crag indignant sighs,
And steep in foam yon sable-vested chain
Of rocky terrors ; England's wide defence
Against her foes ; where oft th' invading Dane
Fell a stern victim to his bold pretence ;
Where proud Iberia's vast Armada fled,
And with its countless wrecks th' unfated ocean fed.

SONNET XXII.

TO THE REV. MR. MASON.

BROTHER of our poetic eagle GRAY,
Thro' whose twin-soul, with fancy's splendid fires,
Science and virtue blend so warm a ray,
That Envy's self reluctantly admires.
By thee, whose praise has wak'd far other lyres,
Be my wild carol with acceptance crown'd;
Tho' faint the tone, and dissonant the wires
That seek to mix their gratulative found.—
'Tis thus the wren, when Nature's plummy band
Hail in responsive notes the orient day,
Beneath some covert takes her list'ning stand,
In fond attention to the plausive lay;
And, as each throat with trilling rapture flows,
Lifts her weak voice to swell the choral close.

SONNET XXIII.

Written near the Sea-side at KINGSGATE.

IN this calm shade, while summer's halcyon sky
Tints the broad flood with one cerulean hue,
Save where a casual cloud, soft flitting by,
Streaks the bright azure with a darker blue.
In this calm shade, while many an insect-quire,
Blown o'er the thymy turf on vagrant wing,
Float gaily round, or sportively retire,
And to the passing gale their descant fling.
Here, let me mark with what impassion'd force
The Bard of Wotton 9 breathes his love-lorn tale,
Or pours the plaintive sweetness of his verse
As Petrarch pour'd it down Valclufa's vale:
For in his graceful numbers are combin'd
'Softness of heart with energy of mind.'

SONNET XXIV.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

FAIR was the face of this illumin'd dawn,
With vernal brightness, vernal softness fair,
The Sun incessant woo'd the blushing Morn,
And all the youthful Hours laugh'd round the pair :
But ere the evening what a change was there !—
Harsh thunders roll, and forked lightnings fly ;
Hyemal tempests brood along the air,
Or fall in torrents from an angry sky.
Ah ! scarce less mutable is man's brief day ;
Soon are his early prospects clouded o'er,
And those soft suns that shot their April-ray
Across his primrose pathway, shine no more :
Grief on the present drops her tearful show'rs,
And Apprehension o'er the future lours.

SONNET XXV.

TO THE RIVER WITHAM.

WITHAM, along whose willow-crested shore,
The idle stream, tho' sluggish, wanders wide
Thro' reedy fens, where mournful bitterns hide,
From Lindum's steep ¹⁰ to Boston's lofty tow'r;—
How oft, erewhile, in childhood's happy hour,
Have I the angler's patient labour plied
Along thy banks, or snar'd with boyish pride
The wary pike, or grasp'd th' unwieldy oar,
Or plung'd beneath the wave. Yet memory now,
E'en o'er these scenes of former joys can pine,
Care with his rugged furrows marks my brow,
And past delights, like spectres, grimly shine:
So did they erst round pensive ¹¹ Warton gleam,
Warton, the laureate boast of Britain's Academe!

SONNET XXVI.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "TASK."

COWPER! who now in Weston's favour'd shades
Serenely seated, dost with vision clear
Scan old Hiffus' haunts, and to the maids
Of Phœbus' train, thy name for aye endear
By classic song. Ah, rather let our ear
Catch the high rapture of that holier strain,
Which Israel's prophet had rejoic'd to hear
On Horeb's sacred mount, or Salem's plain.
Energic Sage! thy pious "*Task*" resume,
Let Homer's ¹² verse no longer thine suspend;
With heav'nly ray our terrene path illumine,
Bid Christian with Mæonian ardours blend;
So round thy laurels still shall palms entwine,
And future ages hail thee—Bard Divine!

SONNET XXVII.

*On reading Miss WILLIAMS' Elegiac Tribute to
Dr. KIPPIS.*

Nods the dark plume, and drops the sable pall
O'er some lov'd corse whose spirit lately fled;
Deep are the sighs that heave at Nature's call,
Warm are the gushing griefs by Friendship shed.
But when the last sad scene is vanish'd all,
And with it vanishes each selfish dread;
Too soon, alas, do meaner thoughts enthrall,
Too soon forgotten are the virtuous dead!
Yet are not all :—for HELEN's radiant tear
Gems, with the lustre of Aëonian dew,
The grave of KIPPIS; and, with grateful care,
Her fairest laurel grafts on funeral yew:
So may the British Muse, of brow austere,
With kindlier glance a truant-exile view.

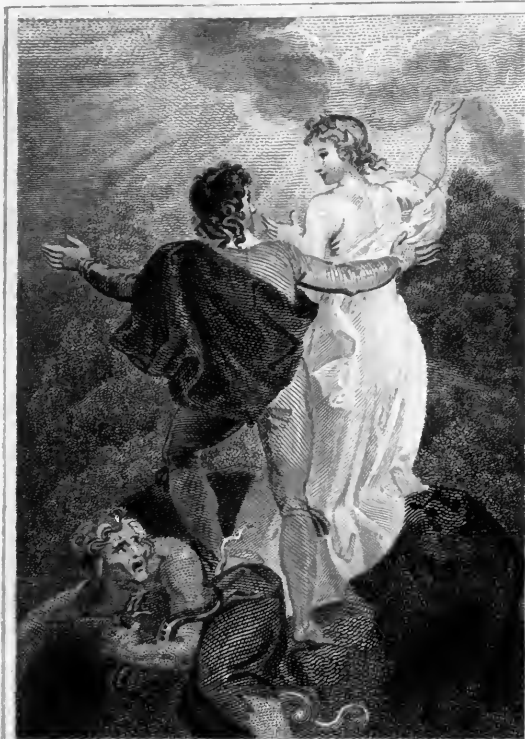
SONNET XXVIII.

THE MISER.

By ALESSANDRO TASSONI.

THIS breathing mummy, whose exterior chart
Nature has copied from a pasteboard toy ;
This breathing mummy, which the maker's art
With hands and feet has fashioned for employ ;
This breathing mummy is of that vile band
Who never wear a shoe which is not foal'd,
Nor coat nor hat but what is second-hand,
Yet boast, at usury, a plum of gold.
Look, as he moves what tatter'd rents appear,
Botch'd by himself with various-color'd thread ;
While his darn'd shirt, unchang'd within the year,
Owns not of native cloth a single shred.
Boil'd bread he eats, with, now and then, ox-cheek,
And one poach'd egg in Easter's annual week.





Stolbard del.

Medland sculp.

London: Published March 1. 1797, by G. Sael, Strand.

SONNET XXIX.

GLORY AND ENVY.

Altered from ZAPPI.

As o'er Parnassus' crags I slowly stride,

GLORY appears with animating smile,

And in a voice that lightens every toil,

Proceed—she whispers—I will be your guide.

But as we labour up the steep hill's side,

ENVY approaches; and with smooth-tongued guile,

Invites me calmly to repose, the while

Her searching eye an easier track descried.

Ah! should my falt'ring steps in languor rest

On such false guidance; GLORY's ray-girt head

Would vainly gild for me the Mountain's crest:

Then, rather by *her* sunny radiance led,

Right onward let me scale th' ethereal height,

And ENVY's form will shroud beneath Cimmerian
night.

SONNET XXX.

As the pale phantoms rais'd by Morpheus' pow'r
To wilder fancy thro' the drear of night,
Sink with our slumbers to oblivion's bow'r,
Unable to endure the test of light.
So, in ideal imagery bright,
I glow with visions of poetic fire;
But ere expression can arrest their flight,
In vaporish fume the 'shadowy tribes' expire;
Into 'thin air' the dim chimeras fade;—
While lost in wonder at th' illusive cheat,
Or vex'd to chafe the shadow of a shade,
I blame the folly of enthusiast heat,
And, stung with disappointment, drop the quill,
Yet still irresolute—resume it still.

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

1890

1890

1890

1890

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

ON HAYDN.

—— *irritat, mulcet, ut magus.* HOR.

WHEN HAYDN sweeps the mad'ning shell,
HAYDN, the Orpheus of his Art!
Harsh Discord, with a shrilly yell,
From deepest chaos seems to start;
And mingling in a rage of sound,
With frantic terror thrills the vaulted bound.

But when to soft and dulcet notes
The sweet Musician shifts his key,
Like zephyr, self-dissolving, floats
The soul of heavenly harmony:
While Fancy in wild rapture springs
O'er his lov'd lute, and kisses all the strings.

WRITTEN AT THE
GARDEN-SEAT OF A FEMALE ACADEMY,
IN WHICH WERE PLACED

The Busts of HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, MILTON, and POPE.

HOWE'ER the Greek, or Mantuan bard,
May to a classie taste be dear;
Or epic Milton meet regard,
Or Horace gay, or Pope severe.

Yet sure where female charms inspire,
Ovid should grace the proud alcove:
And soft Tibullus hold the lyre,
And softer Hammond 'sing of love.'

But if Athenia this denies,
(Preceptress of the vestal train)
Lest beauty should her pow'r despise,
Or reason yield to passion's reign:

Awed by a judgment so profound,

Let male to female right submit :

While those fair heroines here are crown'd

Who scorn all falique laws of wit.

Here be the Muse-rapt SEWARD seen,

And give the polish'd BARBAULD place,

With Attic CARTER's sober mien,

And tender MULSO's moral grace :

With sprightly COWLEY, pensive LEE,

Here let Uranian TRIMMER soar ;

And with the smiles of SILLERY,

Trace the mild form of virtuous MORE.

These might to emulation guide,

Did they this votive region fill ;

For let our COWPER but preside,

'Twould match old Hesiod's Grecian hill.

TO MR. AND MRS. H.

On the Eighth Anniversary of their Wedding-Day.

WHEN some fond Swain and plighted Fair,
To Hymen's temple first repair ;
Idalian Graces deck the maid,
By Iris is the youth array'd ;
Loves, Lares, Genii, sport around,
And Flora strews the festal ground,
While Fauns, and Nymphs, and Dryads come
With garlands form'd in Fancy's loom ;
And every Muse attunes her lay,
To gratulate the bridal day !

But when the day, the year is past,
And clouds of care have overcast ;
No more gay Love by Fancy led,
With roses paints each path they tread ;

No more to Hymen's alter'd home,
The Loves, or ev'n the Lares come :
But casual strife, or settled spleen,
Dissolves the visionary scene,
And every Muse forgets to pay
Her welcome to the nuptial day.

Thus, steering oft by Folly's chart,
Indifference wrecks the wedded heart.
But if a happier Pair we see,
Who crown fond love with constancy ;
Whose passions spreading reason's sail,
Let Truth not Fancy catch the gale
Which joy wafts on with every year
That draws the gordian-knot more near :
For such a Pair, shall Friendship's lay
Still consecrate the nuptial day.

WRITTEN BY THE SIDE OF
THE LATE MR. SCOTT'S GROUNDS,
At ANWELL-END.

How frail, alas, is human hope
When grafted on the stock of joy ;
What blights untimely make it droop,
And all our bloom of bliss destroy !

Musing beside the much-lov'd spot
Which AMWELL's gentle POET form'd ;
Thus moralis'd my pensive thought,
By painful retrospection warm'd.

For he, whose utmost wish was here
(The simple wish that Poets crave)
To see, his studious dwelling near,
' The green walk wind, the green wood 's wave.'

Ere yet the shrubby mount was grac'd

With the full growth which now appears ;

Ere mantling ivy had embrac'd

Yon elm, that high his scant top rears,

The master of this fair domain,

Guardian of all its sylvan state,

Was far from this his fav'rite plain,

Pierc'd by the ruthless shaft of fate.

Ere yet his virtuous fame had spread

To those, who now that fame revere ;

Himself was mingled with the dead,

Nor praise could reach his 'dull cold ear.'

And this lov'd grove which Theron train'd,

And oped to all its friendly door ;

A sullen stranger now has gain'd,

Who opes the guarded gate no more.

No more the planter's skill is prais'd;
His taste can charm no kindred eye;
And ev'n the grôt which Theron rais'd,
No longer guards his memory.

What then avails the Poet's toil
To plant the grove, or build the lay?
He does but stock th' ungrateful soil,
Another bears the crop away.

WRITTEN IN THE ISLE OF THANET.

August 1790.

THE bard who paints from rural plains,
Must oft himself the void supply
Of damsels pure, and artless swains
Of innocence and industry.

For sad experience shews the heart
Of human beings much the same;
Or polish'd by insidious art,
Or rude as from the clod it came.

And he who roams the village round,
Or strays amid the harvest fere,
Will hear, as now, too many a found
Quiet would never wish to hear.

The wrangling rustic's loud abuse,
The coarse, unfeeling, witless jest ;
The threat obscene, the oath profuse,
And all that cultur'd minds detest.

Hence, let those Sylvan poets glean,
Who picture life without a flaw ;—
Nature may form a perfect scene,
But Fancy must the figures draw.

ON LEAVING A SUMMER RESIDENCE

AT A COTTAGE.

WHILE late we dwelt in shepherd's cot,
Far from the glare of wealth or state;
Content trac'd out the lowly spot,
And came with Peace, her rustic mate.

Each morn its fragrance breath'd around,
Each evening brought its social sweets;
And though our board did not abound
With costly wines, or dainty meats:

Yet Health with all her train was there
Of gladsome heart, and smiling brow;
Wealth robb'd our cot of nought but care,
And Pomp of nought but empty show

TO
WILLIAM ROWLEY, M. D.

Author of Schola Medicina Universalis Nova,

&c. &c.

THOUGH Science for her votary's brow
The chaplet braids with laurel twine,
Though Genius grants her son to glow
With the proud transports of the Nine;
Though all the healing pow'rs are thine,
Which on his favorites Pæon can bestow.

Yet loftier meed may ROWLEY claim
Than intellect can e'er impart ;—
Be his, that more ennobling fame
Which dignifies the soul's desert ;
Since his,—the generous, feeling heart,
Touch'd by Philanthropy's ethereal flame !

Not all the stores long toil has drain'd
From modern art, or ancient lore ;
Not all the travel'd knowledge gain'd
Near Seine, or Tiber's classic shore,
Or distant ¹⁴ Niagara's roar,
Or Oronoque, with tale historic stain'd ¹⁵.

Not all, with such ingenuous joy
Inspires weak Friendship's ardent strain ;
As that Nepenthean sympathy,
Which never yet was fought in vain
By pining want, or suffering pain,
When ROWLEY could the precious balm supply.

Long, may thy active virtues fan
That spark ¹⁶ within the breast enshrin'd ;
Long may'st thou, self-complacent, scan
The labours of thy letter'd mind ;
Or, in thy Tusculum reclin'd,
New projects meditate of good to man ¹⁷.

ON VIEWING THE

GRAVES OF JAMES AND SARAH EASTON,

In FAIRLIGHT Church-Yard, SUSSEX.

YE, who beneath this cold earth sleep
In Nature's second womb ;
With you my vigils here I keep,
Beside the turf-rai'd tomb.

Here mark the husband, here the wife,
Beneath the neighb'ring fod ;
In death united as in life,
Still near is their abode.

And scanty as this bank of green
Which parts their kindred clay,
So scanty was the space between
Their mortal-setting day.

And yet perhaps—(for fancy here
Must take her dubious flight,
Since only dates and ages rear
Their records to the fight.)

Perhaps, in tend'rest truth they dwell
For many a circling year,
And every soul-born rapture felt
That flows from love sincere:

Each was to each a dearer self,
A charm 'gainst worldly care,
A gem more worth than worldly pelf,
A treasure far more rare.

Think then, ye minds of fellow mould,
The suffering how severe,
When *one* to fill this clay-bed cold,
First press'd a timeless bier.

Did not the lonely, widow'd heart,
Its anguish here deplore ;
And, priz'd thro' life its wedded part,
Then seem to prize it more ?

Did it not deem the fatal shaft
In tender mercy sped,
Which gave the spirit soon to waft
Beyond this earthy bed ?—

So reads the Swain, whose pitying thought
This lowly grave detain'd ;
Whose breast, with faithful passion fraught,
Can heave the sigh unfeign'd.

And thus, reviewing human fate
In Death's dread mirror shewn ;
Would learn more fondly still to rate
The bliss he boasts his own.

LINES

*Sent to Mr. HATLEY, on having visited his Villa, in SUSSEX,
while he was absent.*

EARTHAM, thy lovely scenes I fought,
Scenes to the Muses justly dear;
And ardent wish'd, and idly thought
To find our British Maro there.

Vain was the wish—for I could send
No herald on the wings of fame,
No Poet's title—though a friend
To all that ever bore the name.

Hence, have I pac'd, with pilgrim feet,
Where Amwell's Druid rear'd his groves;
And mourn'd—around his lone retreat
That now no wonted spirit roves.¹⁸

Have trod, where long the Seasons' Bard
In Sheen's dull earth unheeded lay;
And half the pious labour shar'd,
That plac'd a moral o'er his clay.¹⁹

And late—where rapt Aruna's²⁰ swain
Modul'd his wild harp to the wind,
Have paus'd to trace—alas! in vain—
Some relique, haply, left behind.

Then, EARTHAM, let thy Master know,
Tho' luckless was the stranger-guest,
His bosom felt no common glow,
As thy Arcadian²¹ couch he press'd.

For there with Taste did Genius blend,
There HAYLEY once his COWPER join'd;
And who is Cowper's chosen friend,
Must be the friend of human kind!

THE
SUMMER INVITATION.

TO A FRIEND.

LEAVE to those who doat on Town,
Nights of care on beds of down ;
Leave to those whom self invites,
All the City's coarse delights ;
And within our sylvan glen,
Shun, with me, the haunts of men.

Come, and near this runnel's side,
Hear the gurgling current glide
O'er the roots of yonder thorn,
Shaggy patriarch of the lawn !
Hear it murmuring steal along,
Reeds and pebbly mounds among,
Till it gains yon ampler pool,
Where, beside the herbage cool,

Flags and water-lilies spread
Spacious leaves for fairies' bed.
Or within the woody range
Let us converse interchange,
Where the beech, of glossy rind,
Shrinks from the too-obtrusive wind,
Or thickly-matted ivy clings
Round her elm, whose broad arm flings
Thwart the path a fretted bower,
Thick inwove from sun or shower.
Rest we then by fountain-brim,
Where the poplar tapering flim
Beside the willow's droopy bough,
(Sainted by the ²² lover's vow)
And the pale asp rustling near
The dark-hued hornbeam, early fere;
And the chestnut's denser shade
Gives the woodbine thick to braid;
While lime-trees, scatter'd o'er the bound,
Their luscious floriage strew around.

Next, yon high ridge let us gain,
Where the barley's bearded grain
(By yellow Autumn yet undy'd)
Silvers o'er its sloping side :
While, ting'd by day's declining beam,
The village spire with gilded gleam
Its tall shaft shoots, and column'd smoke
Curls o'er a grove of sapling oak,
Which half conceals behind its spread,
Cluster'd farms, and whiten'd shed,
And dove-cote, round whose lattic'd rim
The plummy flock their pinions trim,
Or quit, with momentary fright,
By cottage watch-dog put to flight.

Then by yon copse, returning, stray
Where the furze blooms idly gay,
And the bramble's dusky green
Shoots the blossom'd furze between,

And the tawny-tinctur'd fern
Peeps from out the stubby thorn ;
While at every step we stride
Down the slant hill's heathy side,
In hollow echoes all around
Sighs the genius of the ground.
There, as quick the sun retires,
Reft of all his gorgeous fires,
Lift the throstle's mellow song
The vespers of the grove prolong ;
Lift the stock-dove's soothing note
On the breeze of evening float,
And the bleat from wattled fold
Down the stilly sheep-walk roll'd ;—
Pausing oft, at day-light close,
Where the green moss thickest grows,
To see, mid dewy verdure damp,
The glow-worm light her tiny lamp ;
While the bat with dragon-wing,
Sails around in eddied ring,

And the taper's quivering beams
Thro' many a cottage-casement streams.

Then will we wander slowly home,
While lucid Hesper gilds the dome,
And starry myriads, twinkling bright,
Spangle the azure vest of night;—
There, seated round our decent board
With fruits and beverage freshly stor'd,
Let tuneful song, or blameless jest,
Prepare the mind for tranquil rest,
With mirth, restrain'd by reason's laws,
Which 'after no repenting draws.'

1. The first of these is the

second of these is the

third of these is the

fourth of these is the

fifth of these is the

sixth of these is the

seventh of these is the

eighth of these is the

ninth of these is the

tenth of these is the

eleventh of these is the

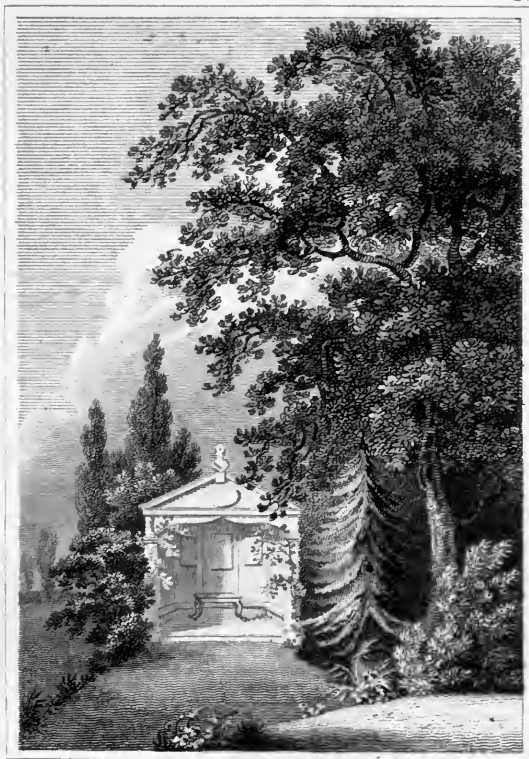
twelfth of these is the

thirteenth of these is the

INSCRIPTIONS.

INOCENT





Medland sculp.

Here Thomson sang the Seasons & their Change.

London: Published March 1. 1797. by G. Sael, Strand.

INSCRIPTIONS.

FOR

A TABLE

*Which was formerly used as a WRITING-DESK
by THOMSON the Poet.²³*

YE, who on things of simplest kind
Can stamp the mystic worth of *mind*;
Who press the turf where Virgil trod,
And think it like no other sod;
Or guard each leaf from Shakspeare's tree
With druid-like idolatry :—
Ye will this RELIC fondly view,
On which the sylvan Scholiast drew
With moral sweet, and comment clear,
His record of the rural year;
While every Season's change he trac'd,
With Shakspeare's fancy, Virgil's taste.

FOR AN
ANTIQUE ROOT-HOUSE,

Attempted in the Language of CHAUCER's Time.²⁴

THEI, frō simpleſſe and ſothfaſtneſs,
Whiche hadde lever ſeke cheriſance
In humblehede, wher doublenes
To ſoiſon nought maie them avance,
Maie happe find here mo trew pleaſance,
Wher mavis flickers with woodwale,
Then wher diſdeinous lordings prounce
To foun of fetiſe ribible.

Echone natheles let beknowe,
Certes groyning is guerdonles;
Plite ne place graunts wele ne wo,
Meke defyres winne felyneſſe.

ANOTHER,

Adapted to the Æra of Queen ELIZABETH.

THERE be which plainenesse more enioyes,
Then bowres where false suspect is rife ;
There be which plowfwaines more do prize,
Then tising gaudes of courtlie life ;
Sith courtlie life doth crafte molest,
And crafte will surely bring unrest.

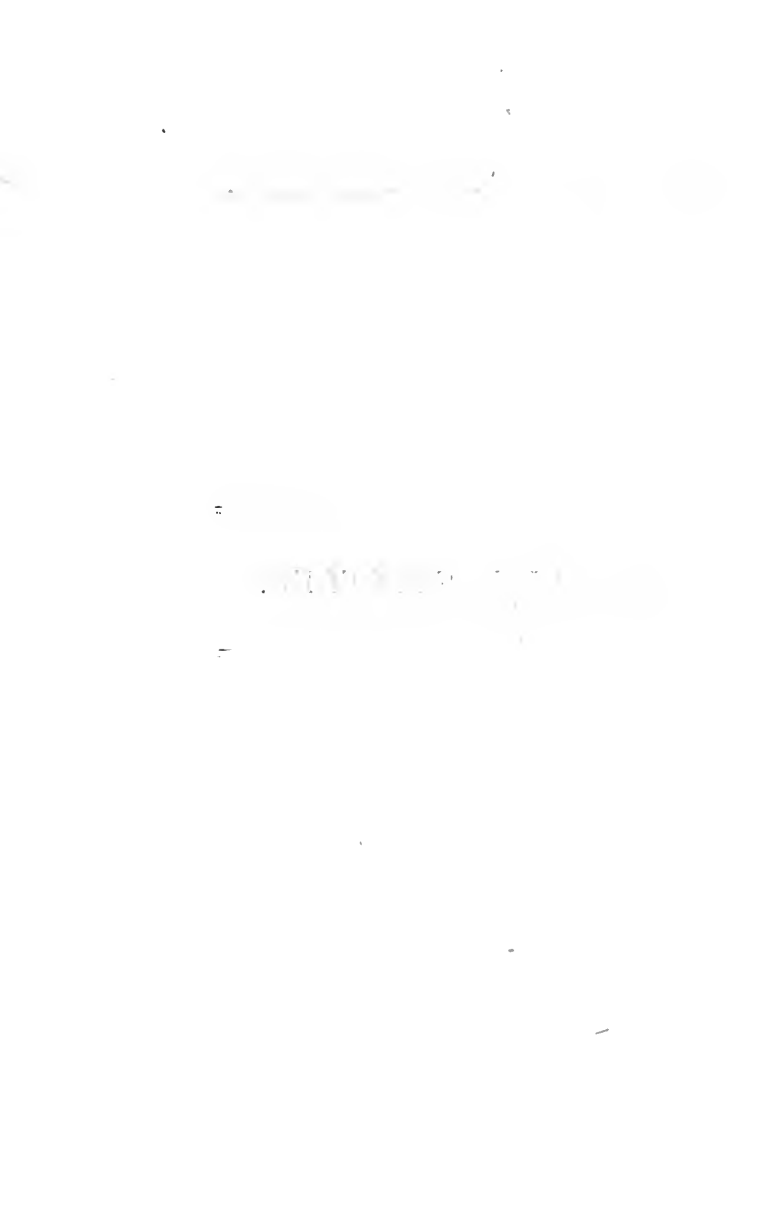
Suche, on this daisie-freckled floore,
In rusticke arbour ciel'd with mosse,
May fitter bide, then in high towre
Which statelines mought proudly glosse,
For statelineffe is aye unblest,
And pride will alwayes bring unrest.

INSCRIPTIVE ANATHEMA,

For the Entrance to a SHRUBBERY.

IF he who through this Coppice steers,
Should harm its native choristers,
Or younglings seize, or nests destroy;
May fylvan plagues his peace annoy.
Him may the founding hornet scare
With dart and gilded coat of war;
Him may the fleet gnat flily sting
While dors against him dash their wing :
Acrofs his path may paddocks sprawl,
Around his couch let ear-wigs crawl ;
His wells may water-newts infest,
May screech-owls break his midnight rest,
And should he doze at morning gray,
Let his shrill herald be the jay !

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.



FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

TO

A FRIEND, AT TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Complaining of his not writing.

F * *, that you would vex a Stoic
I swear, by every oath heroic ;—
By the dank marge of Styx's river,
Where for whole centuries pale ghosts shiver ;
By Cerberus, hell's three-mouth'd bully,
By Acheron, alias, Pluto's gully.
By all the epic threats of Dido,
When Cotton made her rave as I do ;
By those, Æneas from his hulks,
Or glum Achilles in his fulks,
Like Dards and Greeks were heard to bellow ;
I vow I never knew—your fellow !

Was you by Pythagorean dry-beards,
Sentenc'd to hold your peace for five years ;
Or doom'd, by more severe mishap,
To the mum-penance of La Trappe,
And, like some statue near an urn,
Kept solemn silence sempitern ;
It might, indeed, a little soften
The hope of hearing from you often:
But having brush'd thro' terms and fees,
And ' college trammels to degrees ;'
With nothing further now to do,
Than dye your coat, and dock your queue,
And get into some marshy vicarage,
Either by Withybrook or Puckeridge,
Or any other fenny vile hole
Where you can feast on mirth and wild fowl,
With, oft, a glass of Cantab-tingo,
To lubricate the wheels of lingo.

Having, I say, but this one thought
To set your lazy brains about,
And knowing, worth and sense and knowledge
Are *sure* to be prefer'd at College,
Since venal art, and partial pow'r
Ne'er haunt the academic bow'r
Where Learning spreads her ample tree,
And fops in purple plumage²⁵ flee
To pluck the fruit, or cull the bloom
Of scions brought from Greece or Rome,
And lounge—in otii dignitate—
Like rural bards beneath a bay-tree.

Why then, with answers ever tardy,
Why dost thou vex, and teaze, and gird me?
Have I not scribbled, for the nonce,
Twice (O indignus) to your once?
Did I not make you still my debtor
For your last long-expected Letter?

Did I not write (for I believ'd it)
The self-same morning I receiv'd it ?
Cast off all ' trivial faws of books,'
Like some great Dons in Granta's nooks,
That I might tell you, full and clearly,
How well I wish'd you, how sincerely ?
Did I not, after this confessional,
By word of mouth send message special ?
Did not the ²⁶ Commodore relate it,
Or are *you* too inert to state it ?

By your much-boasted Spanish ²⁷ barrel,
I think I'm us'd beyond compare ill ;
And if you do not make my doubt clear,
I swear, by Neptune's ' three-fork'd trout spear,'²⁸
I will your Honour's Worship worry
With an epistle piscatory,
Shall make you wish in Lethe's stream
You had been diving for dead bream,
Or to some south-sea isle escorted,
Where pens and ink were ne'er imported.

LETTER FROM THE SAME FRIEND.

*Written under a Hawthorn while on a Shooting-Party, and addressed to
his God-Daughter, an Infant.*

FROM plains o'erspread with bell-cups blue,
And golden nobs of yellow hue ;
From fens where pithy rushes grow,
And turbid streams in pomp creep flow,
(Mistaken pride !—with foolish state
So little folks affect the great)
To Catherina, young and fair,
Whom mystic vows have made my care,
Oh, wing thy way my gentle dove,
To friendship sacred and to love.
Around thy neck of burnish'd hue,
This magic knot of lover true,
This burden, brac'd with string of gold,
Wherein my tender passion's told,
Bear—on fleetest pinion bear—
Measuring swift th' expanse of air.
For thee my softest vows I pour,
For Cath'rine every gift implore !

Gentle sleep thine eye-lids closing,
On thy mother's breast reposing,
A scene more fond, more rare I view,
Than poets feign or Guido drew.
While musing on thy face divine,
And scanning each prophetic line,
Joys, thrilling joys play round my soul,
And in tumultuous rapture roll:
For rising virtues, future charms,
With all the blaze of beauty's arms,
In magic talisman appear.
Still rising with the rising year,
Thy father's sageness on thy brow,
By the star-mark'd pow'rs I know;
And thy mother's many graces
Stealing on with gentle paces.
Oh! in thy riper years may'ft be
As wise, as chaste, as good as she!
And would'ft thou know as happy days,
As well deserve the Poet's lays;

Follow the model now before thee,
Strictly copy her who bore thee;
Or heav'n, averting friendship's pray'r,
Instead of peace will send despair.
Ancient bards, and tales of old,
In song this moral oft have told;
And well I know the precept true,
For late I learn'd this moral too.

One misty morn when dew-drops shone
By the faintly-glimmering moon,
I to the hazel-coppice hied,
With trusty Sancho by my side;
Lur'd by the eager hope of game,
With fatal Paragon²⁹ I came:
(To Paragon a verse is due,
Ah, Paragon, for ever true!)
'Twas now the sun with tepid ray
Chas'd the thick mist and dew away,

The whirring covey leave the wood,
And gain the fields in quest of food,
Spread their bright plumes, and gladsome play,
Beneath the strength'ning beams of day.
One little wanton, pert and vain,
Contemns her mother's sober reign,
Rejects advice with haughty air,
And wanders o'er the stubble far;
Till keen-nos'd Sancho ranging by,
Stands,—and foretells a Partridge nigh.
Now, by the treacherous gale betray'd,
Wishing, in vain, maternal aid,
She ponders o'er her follies past,
And, sinner-like, repents at last.
With fated flash the thunder flies,
The bird, without a chirrup, dies!

Taught by the hapless sequel, say,
Cath'rine respects a mother's sway.

And then, angelic maiden, hear
Thy poet and thy lover swear,
By the many, many blisses
Of the many, many kisses
Which on thy cheek he longs to pour,
Than all the world he'll love thee more,
More than riches, more than pleasure,
More than wit, the poet's treasure.

REPLY TO THE PRECEDING.

Certè tu Mavors, certè tu magnus Apollo.

THOU! who, like Homer's god of battle,
Can't make the welkin roar and rattle;
Or, by some hawthorn laid along,
Can't carol like his god of song.
And while you range in shooting-doublet,
Pierce thro' a copse, or pen a couplet;
Can make each bare and fallow field
Food for your muse, or mistress yield,
And at each rivulet you pass,
Or spring a snipe, or sport a verse;
Pluck willows from each swampy ditch,
To form an elegy—or switch;
And at each daisy-dappled mead,
A sonnet crop—or poney feed:
Chase odes or wild fowl over hills,
On true pindaric principles;
And sport from ev'ry hedge-row raise,
To crown your toil with birds or bays.

While thus you ramble, late and soon,
To snatch bright honour from the moon;
And brave our insalubrious clime,
To gain a shot—or tag a rhyme.
Fix'd in my calm, domestic seat,
The self-same musings I repeat,
The self-same daily task impose,
To gain the evening's welcome close;
The dear, connubial converse kind,
The volume that expands the mind,
The melting sweets of mingled sound,
That float in varied cadence round,
And, haply, if a friend should call,
The meal that gives a zest to all.

But you this casual treat deny,
You from our gay Symposium fly;
And all our scenes of social peace
Which rival'd e'en the boast of Greece;

Which match'd their mirth, if not their wit ;
These, while you praise, you calmly quit,
With all the symptoms apathetic
Of an old starch Peripatetic.

No longer does our mantling cup
Foam in redundance to the top,
And o'er the circling verge ascend
'To meet the plaudits of my friend.
No more the gaily chequer'd board
Unfolds its party-colour'd hoard,
And prompts the wish, devoid of mammon,
To sport a hit—perchance, a gammon.
Cribbage no more his pegs exposes,
And poor Pope-Joan in cupboard dozes.

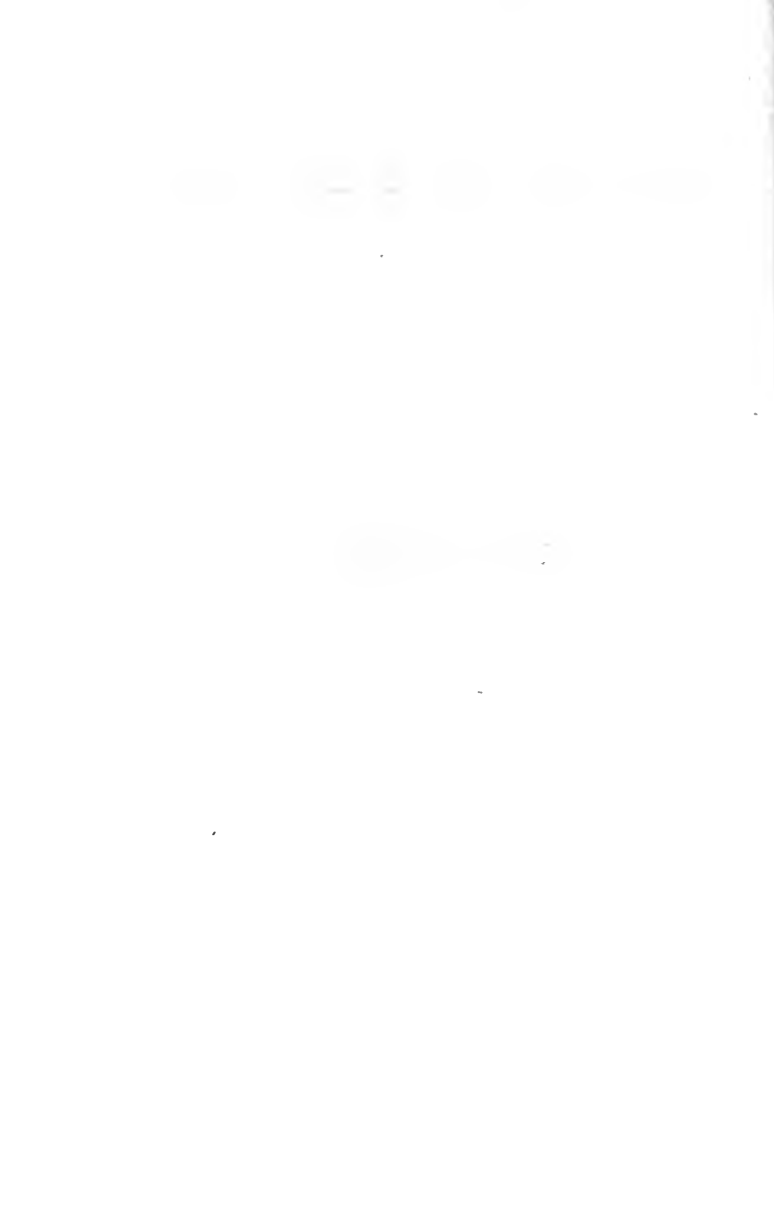
If then your highly plausive lyre
Is not by fiction's hand tun'd higher;
If there's one truth, vel verax verbum,
In all you say of us, interdum :

Or thro' your late romantic ramble,
Where, by the bye, you frisk and gambol,
And talk about our infant Flora,
As tho' you talk'd of Petrarch's Laura.
If when our praise you sing or say,
We may give credence to the lay.
Linger no more mid reeds and rushes,
Nor flay your limbs with briers or bushes,
But let tir'd Sancho be our guest,
And give to Paragon a rest.
Or rather than be murd'ring pheasants
And terrifying harmless peafants;
Come, and protect us with your guns
Against our nightly Goths and Huns;
And, if this mania still disorders,
Level your vengeance at marauders.

This, if you'll promise soon to do,
By all that's jolly, just, and true,

Then shall my brown October bubble
From barrels, like your Spanish, double.
Then will we fire a vollied round,³⁰
And uncharg'd goblets shall resound ;
While at each ' jocund health and toast,'
Bis, Io Pæan, sings your host,
And all the choral circle hollow—
Certè tu Mavors—tu Apollo!

EPIGRAMS.



EPIGRAMS.

A MAN OF PROMISE.

WHEN Hal protests he'll keep his word,
He says so very much about it;
From his own warmth may be infer'd
That there's prodigious cause to doubt it.

ON THE SPLENDID FUNERAL OF A MISER.

RICH Gripe, to gain a liberal name
Kept open house too late;
For that was only once, says fame,
And then—he lay in state.

Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

TEN thousand pounds Avarus had before
His father died, and left him twenty more.
Till then, a roll and egg he could allow,
But eggs grow dear, a roll must dine him now.

SECOND SIGHT.

Scotus, you say, has lost his Mate,
Yet bears it with a manly woe:—
Why he, poor man, foresaw his fate,
So chose another—months ago.

A MAN OF PUNCTUALITY.

HAL sent me word he'd dine with me
Precisely at the hour of three ;
But, meeting with some tavern-goer,
Agreed to join his mefs at four.
With which d'ye think he kept his word ?
“ Perhaps with both.” No, friend the *third*
Happen'd to cross him on his way,
And he with *him* has pass'd the day.

ON A SELF-APPLAUDER.

To speak in Nimium's praise I'd plan'd,
But he out-plans me hollow :
And he's so much the abler hand,
I can't attempt to follow.

SENTIMENTAL CHARITY.

SUCH fine-spun pain does want excite,
When beggars near Penuria stray ;
From fear of fainting at the sight,
She turns her head another way.

Her generous notions *partial* call
The hand that grants a penny ;
So, as she cannot give to *all*,
She never gives to *any*.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

SERENUS and his loving Wife
Shar'd all the sweets of tranquil life :
One only wish compos'd their pray'r,
And this was granted in an heir.
But since young Master turn'd their quiet
To sleepless nights, and days of riot ;
And servants growl, and nurses scold 'em,
Their house becomes too hot to hold 'em.

ON A CLERICAL GAMESTER.

WHAT, can *he* be a teacher of moral regards
Who reads us a Sunday-night lecture on cards?
Who cites "Hoyle on Whist" both in chapter and verse,
With the orthodox chances of filling a purse?
Tells of eighty odd pounds, in a family way,
He won at a fitting—by dint of mere play!
Counted thirteen by cards, in revokes and in tricks,
And ne'er flinch'd all the evening from seven to six;
But took odds on each point his opponent could name,
And call'd this *improvement*, I think, on the game.
O! if such be a Priest whom promotion delights,
Ordain him Arch-Deacon of Weltje's and White's.

A QUERY.

BEN says the rudest, grossest things,
Then swears he never thought to tease you:
But Ben, was Ralph to kick your shins,
Would you believe he meant to please you?

ON A FEMALE WASP.

VESPA has such a captious sense,
At every word she takes offence;
But what more lamentable makes it,
Gives it still oft'ner than she takes it.

AN APPEAL. QUID PRO QUO?

WHEN last we met, I heard from Will,
That all his friends had us'd him ill :—
Now by his friends, both great and lesser,
I'm told that Will was the aggressor.—
How in this case must judgment run,
For *many* plaintiffs—or for *one*?

La Consolation dernière.

Do you not pity honest Ned,
Whose jealous wife ding-dongs him,
Till every comfort else is fled,
But knowing that she wrongs him.

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS BEING LAMPOONED.

WHY seem surpris'd that ribald Sly
 O'er *you* his Grub-street bounty scatters?—
 When a full mud-cart passes by,
 Tis odds that you escape the spatters.

ON A

DULL DIVINE WHO PREACHED UP "PATIENCE."

THE use of "Patience" Somnolus explains
 In tedious, torpid, sleep-seducing strains;
 And sure his hearers edified must be,
 Who learn the *practice* with the *theory*.

MORAL ARITHMETIC.

FLAM, to my face, is oft' too kind,
 He over-rates both worth and talents:
 But then he never fails, I find,
 When we're apart—to strike the balance.

EPITAPHS.



EPITAPHS.

ON WILLIAM WALLEY, M. D.

Late of GAMMELS near WARE, Herts.

HERE what was mortal we consign to earth
Of wit and learning, amity and worth;
Of wit, to no mean purpose misapplied,
Of classic learning, free from pedant pride;
Of amity, that no 'cold medium' knew,
Of generous worth, that scorn'd a sordid view;
Join'd with each practis'd art, each studious skill,
To heal the griefs of medicable ill:—
Or, if to stem some pestilent disease,
When deadly poison lurk'd in every breeze,
Was WALLEY summon'd at high Duty's call,
Fear could not check, nor danger could appal,
Consol'd by conscience tho' himself should fall.¹¹

ON A GRAVE-STONE

In ACTON CHURCH-YARD, Middlesex.

WHEN some lone youth by kindred grief is led
To court the dwellings of the fainted dead ;
If filial fondness for parental worth,
Should guide his footsteps to this hallow'd earth,
Here let him gaze ; and from this mournful stone
Learn that *his* sorrows are not his alone ;
That HE, whose honour'd dust reposes here,
Had every gift to make his being dear,
Had all that heav'n of excellence could blend
To make the father cherish'd as the friend ;
Had all that earth in anguish could resign,
Yet know, sad forrower, that task was *mine* !
And if such sympathy may sooth your grief,
May give the wounded bosom short relief .
Oh ! let the soul this brighter prospect cheer,
To gain hereafter what it valued here.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD FAMILY ACQUAINTANCE.

FRIEND of my father! to thy spirit peace,—

Peace to each cruel wrong it calmly bore :

And since the grave hath bid thy sorrows cease,

Let the same grave its ravages restore.

May thy lov'd friend, my venerated fire,

Who the same path a little earlier trod ;

May he array thee in divine attire,

And lead thee to the mansion of his GOD!

Methinks I see ye pierce some radiant sphere,

Where grace and mercy beam celestial light;

Methinks I see ye—till an earth-born tear

Recalls my fancy from its daring flight.

Yet, virtuous C—, that meekness will I praise,

Which built its triumphs on a 'Saviour's plan';

And trust the Power who searches human ways,

Will grant that recompense denied by man.

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION.

HERE pause ye young, ye aged ponder here,—

From our affliction yours should be the gain ;

Struck by her fate, but shed one selfish tear,

Nor she has died, nor you may live in vain.

Think, in Life's spring, her opening views how fair,

Health, joy, affection, made her breast their home ;

Ere summer came (O ye who breathe, beware)

A sickly blight had sadden'd every bloom :

Prey'd on the heart where gentlest pity grew,

Sunk the pale cheek which while it wasted, smil'd ;

For arm'd with hope, the sting from death she drew,

And of its victory the grave beguil'd.

Tho' long by languor, or by pain oppress'd,

Calm was her soul, and patient were her sighs :

Heav'n did but claim a mortal for its guest,

And Earth gave up an angel to the skies.

ELEGIES.



ELEGIES.

ON SEDUCTION.

IN this wide waste of heritable care,
Where every breathing clod its portion gains;
Let Man contentless mourn his partial share,
And, wayward, swell the burden he sustains.

Let him in sombrous colours paint his lot,
Darken'd with fraud, and calumny, and strife,
The shaft of malice, hard oppression's plot,
And all the hydra-headed ills of life.

More cruel far the woes frail Women weep,
Besieging ever their unfriended state;
In whose soft breast affliction sinks more deep,
Misfortune presses with resistless weight.

Nor are they only helpless to sustain
Those heavy evils harder Manhood bears,
Not only from his wiles with sharper pain
Waste—but his insults draw their bitter tears.

He, who was form'd as champion to the fair,
To shelter every female as his ward ;
He, most perfidious, weaves a ruffian snare,
And robs the treasure he was meant to guard.—

Where lucid Severn rolls her rapid tide
By the near borders of the Cambrian coast,
There did the lovely Anna once reside,
The village beauty, and the village boast.

Long had her father from his well-stock'd field
Serv'd the near mart with vegetable store ;
And what one corner would of flowerets yield,
In posied wreaths his blooming daughter bore.



Stotbardt del.

Medland sculp.

London. Published March 1. 1797. by G. Sael, Strand.

And many a penny did she homeward bring,
And with it many a little dittied tale,
While round her mother's neck she lov'd to cling,
And hear of lovers false, and damsels frail.

For oft the lessons of maternal love
Had caution'd her man's faithless sex to shun;
But ere experience could the danger prove,
Her anxious mother's thread of life was spun.

Then pious truths a father's care instill'd,
And blest the heart that still those truths retain'd;
A father grateful as the soil he till'd,
A daughter lovely as the flow'rs she train'd.

Too lovely she, too gentle was her fire,
In this ungenial clime to flourish long;
A boon companion of the neighb'ring squire
Had oft beheld her in the Sunday-throng;

Had mark'd her beauties with the lawless eye
Of latent artifice, and loose desire ;—
And where this fever of the blood runs high,
Conscience is seldom call'd to quench the fire.

But female vigilance and parent-care
Had long eluded every fraudulent plan ;
Till urg'd by rage, by passion, by despair,
He dar'd to violate the laws of man :

Dar'd, by compulsive force, to bear away
The fainting victim from her fostering shed,
While her poor father had been forc'd to stray
From his own hamlet in pursuit of bread.

Nor did a single tidings reach his ear
Where he might turn his trembling arm to save,
Till two sad months of agony severe
Brought his ' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

While thou, fair hapless Anna, still enthrall'd

By the fierce mandate of licentious love,

(Of brutal lust, oh! rather be it call'd)

Far from thine orphan home wert made to rove:

To dwell beneath a ruthless villain's eye,

By threats and promises alternate sway'd,

Till on the latter seeming to rely,

Thy virgin honour was at length betray'd;

Thyself forsaken, and in want consign'd

To grinning infamy, and dire disgrace;

Without a friend to soothe thy tortur'd mind,

Yet fearing to approach thy native place.

For too too oft, and fatally I fear,

The alter'd aspect of a female eye

Has check'd pale penitence, with frown severe,

And turn'd her joyless footsteps still awry.

And tho' I grieve against thy sex to urge
One practis'd fault that mercy must deplore,
Yet is it wrong to wield an earthly scourge
Against that breast which heav'n has pierc'd before.

When injur'd beauty heaves the midnight moan,
And bathes her pillow in repentant dew ;
With sweeter slumbers might it crown your own,
To dry the tear and calm the mind anew.

Blest were the recompense yourselves must share,
Who turn to virtue's path the wilder'd way ;
While stern contempt, or ridicule's pert stare,
Can only lead the wanderer more astray.—

Thus on the confines of her native vales,
Dreading to enter them, sad Anna stray'd ;
But when a father's fate her heart affails,
She burns her base betrayer to upbraid.

Stung by her wrongs, his hated porch she gain'd,
To speak aloud the wildness of her woes,
Believ'd the story of his absence feign'd,
And fled thro' every room with frenzied throes :

But he had stol'n from his seductive haunt,
In other scenes to practise other crimes ;
While she, poor Sufferer, pines in guilty want,
And he, calm Villain, flaunts in foreign climes.—

O lust, thou canker of the human heart,
When thus indulg'd in all thy lawless sway,
Such wringing woe shall prove thy just desert,
As fills the murderer's bosom with dismay.

Ye heirs of manhood! check its baneful rage,
And ere your souls have lost all sense of truth;
Pity the parent-agonies of age,
Pity the unavailing pangs of youth.

Left other maids like Anna prove unblest,
Tho' form'd with countless graces to engage;
Erewhile the fondling of a father's breast,
The prattling solace of his hoary age.

Left they, like her, too harshly doom'd to bear
The private slander and the public scorn;
In all the maniac wildness of despair,
Are made to curse the day themselves were born.

While man, the fell despoiler of their peace,
The vaunting author of their lingering shame,
Bids not e'en here his savage conquests cease,
But wades thro' vice as tho' its meed was fame.

ON THE DEATH OF DAME MORRIS.³²

COME Doric Muse in rustic stole, and sing,
While I, sad mourner, melancholy stray
Thro' tangled wood-walks to the crystal spring,
Where arching sycamores obscure the day,
And from the garish sun admit no ray ;
There let me wander, silent and unseen,
There let me shape my solitary way,
Abforb'd in care and pensiveness, I ween,
As e'er was loftier woe-fraught breast of kefar or of queen.

Ah! hapless theme, it wills me while I write
To drop affection's dew from either eye,
And, as with grateful reverence I indite,
Scapes from my bosom sorrow's deep-felt sigh :
And do you anxious ask the reason why ?
Would you from sympathy the cause explore ?—
'Tis, that my youth's fond guard, unthank'd should die,
Whose kindness almost equal'd her's who bore ;—
'Tis, that my school-years' village friend, Dame Morris,
is no more !

But vainly I the piteous tale relate
To those unconscious of her modest worth,
For heralds ne'er were fee'd to make her great,
She could not boast a memorable birth,
Yet better soul ne'er liv'd or died on earth;
Her charity unbounded bore the sway
O'er all her actions, and in time of dearth,
She dealt with open hand such gifts away,
That poor folk wish'd her life might last for ever and
for aye.

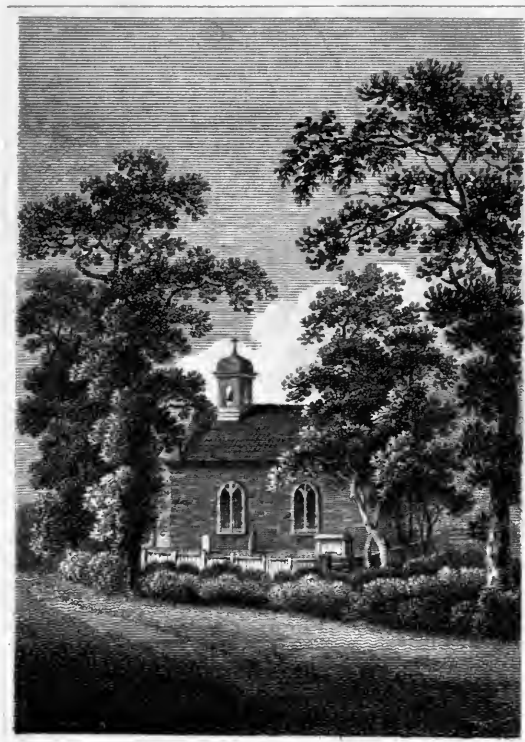
Good-nature too she had, and many a time
Of all its store right mickle was the need,
For truant lads would to her fruit-trees climb,
Would raze the hedge-row with untoward deed,
Or in rude sport despoil the verdant mead;
Nay, I have known these wicked wights to wait
For a snug time when none their bent could heed,
Then on the garden's wealth have stol'n ingrate,
And left but pods upon the hawm where peas had bloom'd
of late:

Thinking thereby this hostile crime to hide,
By making it appear the sparrows' theft;
But evil deeds are soon or late descried,
For watchful Marian, her maiden deſt,
Shew'd to the wond'ring Dame the peacocks cleſt:
Yet did no angry threat her voice diſtend,
" 'Tis right, ſhe ſaid, I claim the portion left,
While, ſupperleſs to bed, the plunderers wend,
And feaſt upon the pleaſant dreams which on deceit
attend."

Ever to virtue true, and virtuous deed,
Goodneſs ſhe honour'd, poverty ſhe fed;
From all the ills of ſordid lucre freed,
No baſe-got means her couch diſquieted,
But glad content hous'd in her humble ſhed;
Happy with this alone, ſhe envied not
Imperial courts where luxury is bred,
But, with her kin around, prefer'd the ſpot
Where Providence had long time plac'd herſelf and
homely cot.

O ! that the world would by her ways improve,
Would shun diffimulation's serpent-cell,
Nor wear the vizor-smile of feigned love
While cank'rous thoughts within the bosom dwell :
But let true concord envy's wiles repel ;
Then would benevolence unbounded reign,
Then would simplicity be counted well,
Serenity of spirit all would gain,
Nor any churlish cynic treat my Matron with disdain.
Or, with the preacher, if at length 'tis found
That all is vanity we seek below ;
Since joy's bright fane is built on fairy ground,
Which those who longest live the surest know :
Then, from this nursery of thick-sown woe,
Like her, let us each anarch passion weed,
And in its place teach fairer germs to grow,
Teach hope with resignation to succeed,
And such as may in heav'nly clime bring forth immortal
seed;





Medland sculp.

London. Published March 1797, by G. Sael, Strand.

WRITTEN IN AN EVENING STROLL TO
TWYFORD CHURCH.

"In lonely walks your happy freedom blest,

'Tis a vacation and divine recess."

EPICT. ENCHIRID.

By yon brown copse, where many a tuneful throat
Securely carols thro' the live-long day;
Soft let me catch the wildly-warbled note,
And tune my numbers to the woodland lay.

Or by the side of this embowering slope
Where, seldom press'd, the pathway winds along;
While solemn silence gives reflection scope,
Here let me rather breathe a serious song.

Here, as the glowing cheek of modest Eve
With blush purpurean melts to sober gray,
Pleas'd let me see her take her graceful leave,
And sigh to find how soon she fades away.

Sigh to reflect, so life's enchantments bloom,
So for a transient season charm the fight,
Then quick dissolving into fearful gloom,
Sink in mortality's sepulchral night.—

Thus wrapt in thought I meditative stray,
Cross the rude stile, and loitering thro' the lane,
Pause to observe where mid the elm-girt way
Gleams the meek roof of Twyford's humble fane.

Where no arch'd dome, no tessellated floor,
On vacant fense with such attraction glares,
That curiosity may pause her hour,
And for the temple's sake endure the pray'rs.

No sculptur'd grandeur or pictorial art
Around this altar gives amazement birth ;
No choral warblings catch the half-wean'd heart,
To make it linger on the lures of earth.

No papal splendours deck the pompous shrine ;
Yet here devotion bends the grateful knee,
Here suppliant pray'r and soaring praises join
To waft their incense, bounteous Heav'n, to thee!

Here too the soul its noblest task may learn,
With calmness to resign this coil of clay;
May drink instruction from the tear-dew'd urn,
And many a record that bestrews the way.

May see, however worth or talents grace,
From death's strong grasp no excellence can fly;
Impetuous wit must bear the cold embrace,
And with insensate dulness mouldering lie.

And this warm heart, by past affliction taught
To fear the bodings which it can't dispel ;
Tho' now with many an earthly blessing fraught,
With many that perhaps it loves too well:

This heaving heart must feel its joys expire,
Must shortly give them to the senseless mould ;
Or else (O fate more worthy of desire)
Must sink itself beneath a cell as cold.

Tho' e'en should sickness spare untimely doom,
And life to life's last limit wearied creep,
Lost all its strength, as faded all its bloom,
The tare-sown plains of age we feebly reap :

Yet, as the sun the wintry landscape cheers,
Let but religion beam on life's decline,
Let virtue's lustre grace the brow of years,
As now they gild a parent's, brighten mine.

And whether sudden blast or slow decay
Shall bid our human 'bud of being' cease ;
Mercy may beam its renovating ray,
And faith transplant us to perennial peace.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEDICATORY SONNET.

†*Rebel-rhyme*] A TERM poetically applied, by Miss Seward, to verses which assume the title of Sonnets, without having the essentials required to rank them properly in that order of composition.

‡*Ausonian chains*] The Italian poets have chiefly employed the Sonnet-measure, of which Petrarch has heretofore been considered as the Inventor. But the learned Dr. Warton informs us, that Guitone d'Arezzo first used it, who flourished about the year 1250, many years before Petrarch was born. See Warton's *Milton*, p. 325. Mr. Roscoe, in his celebrated *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, supposes that the form of the Sonnet was most probably derived from the Provençals.

NOTE I. PAGE 3.

The sounding-cliff] One particular rock, when struck forcibly, vibrates somewhat like a bell; whence the following lines appear to have been carved on it, near a century ago.

“ This scratch I make that you may know
On this rock lies the beauteous Bow;
Reader, this rock is the Bow's bell,
Strike with thy stick, and ring his knell.” 1702.

NOTE 2. PAGE 4.

Theron] Scott, that 'sweet moral Poet,' as Miss Seward justly styles him, in some of his Pieces terms himself *Theron*.

NOTE 3. PAGE 5.

By wealthy bigots fed] Richard, Earl of Clare, granted the feeding 25 swine yearly in the forest of Tunbridge, to the Præmonstratensian Canons of Begeham, or Bayham.

Vid. Dugd. Monasticon Anglic. I. 191.

NOTE 4. PAGE 7.

Ingenuous Feeling] Mr. Keate, in his "Sketches from Nature," has introduced an affecting Story of the two Sisters, Frances and Isabella, who were wrecked near Reculver Church; the two lofty Steeples of which still preserve their memory. This Story, Mr. K. describes himself to have recovered from the monastic memorials of a Dominican Friar of Canterbury, whose antiquated MSS. he met with, in the University of Louvain.

PAGE 8. LINE 5.

Martial legend—] Vid. Les Delices de Windfore.

NOTE 5. PAGE 12.

Poor ovation] It may not perhaps be improper to remark, that the *ovation* was a far less splendid celebrity among the Romans than the *triumph*; whence the contrasted allusion here employed.

See Plutarch in the Life of Marcellus:

NOTE 6. PAGE 16.

Woodland-pilgrim] A title conferred by Collins, in his exquisite Ode on the death of Thomson.

NOTE 7. PAGE 17.

Labour of the Loom] Scott, in the notes to his accurately-descriptive Poem, Amwell; has truly termed "Dyer's Fleece," an 'excellent, neglected Poem.' Dr. Johnson's hypercritical censures of it, are disreputable to his character as a Philologist.

NOTE 8. PAGE 19.

Royal Troubadour of Gaul] "Among the Harleian MSS. in the Museum, is a collection of love-poems, roundels, and songs, made by *Charles, Duke of Orleans*, while a prisoner in England, in Henry the fifth's time."

Ritson's Dissertation before Ancient Songs, p. xlvii.

Page 22, l. 10, *for the orient, read declining.*

NOTE 9. PAGE 23.

Bard of Wotton] S. E. Brydges, Esq. the author of some very elegant and interesting Poems, and of *Mary de Clifford*, a pathetic tale.

NOTE 10. PAGE 25.

Lindam's steep] The hill of Lincoln; below which the River Witham issues from a large reservoir of water, called the Swan Pool, and pursues a widely-devious course to the Town of Boston, where it mingles with the sea.

NOTE 11. PAGE 25.

Pensive Warton] Some of the same sensations, here indulged, seem to pervade Mr. Warton's Sonnet to the river Lodon, which is glanced at on that account.

In the twelfth line of this Sonnet, *for grimly read paly*.

NOTE 12. PAGE 26.

Let Homer's verse no longer thine suspend] Mr. Cowper, at this time, had nearly done all he intended to the Iliad, and was preparing to revise the Odyssey; after which, he had a *new Poem* of his own in contemplation.

Line 7, *for prophet, read prophets*.

NOTE 13. PAGE 38.

The green walk wind, the green wood wave] See Scott's Poems, p. 315.

NOTE 14. PAGE 45.

Niagara] A stupendous cataract in North America.

NOTE 15. PAGE 45.

Oronoque, with tale historic stain'd] Sir Walter Raleigh, having failed in an expedition up the River Oronoquo in South America, in search of a gold mine; was sacrificed at his return to gratify the Spanish Court, by virtue of a sentence passed upon him 14 years before.

See Rapin. Reign of James I.

“ ————— a coward-reign

The Warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.”

Thomson's Summer.

NOTE 16. PAGE 45.

That spark within the breast enshrined] See Armstrong's Art of preserving Health. Book IV.

"There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame."

NOTE 17. PAGE 45.

New projects meditate, &c.] Dr. Rowley projected several plans which have been attended with the happiest practical effects in the Mary-le-bone Infirmary, over which he presides as Physician.

NOTE 18. PAGE 49.

Amwell's Druid] See Sonnet IV. and Occasional Verses. P. 38.

NOTE 19. PAGE 49.

Seasons' Bard] The Writer procured a Tablet to be placed over Thomson's grave in 1791, and the usual fee for erecting Monuments within the Church, to be remitted by the Vestry of Richmond on that occasion. Lord Buchan, with liberal zeal, undertook to defray all attendant expences.

NOTE 20. PAGE 50.

Aruna's Swain] Collins; a native of Suffex, through which the river Arun runs. Mrs. Smith has contributed to immortalize this Stream of true poetic boast.

NOTE 21. PAGE 50.

[*Arcadian couch*] Mr. Hayley has raised a rustic couch of roots and moss, on an elevated part of his elegant domain, and calls it *Cooper's Sofa*, in remembrance of that Poet's Visit to Earsham, and in allusion to the primary Subject of his *Task*.

NOTE 22. PAGE 52.

[*Sainted by the Lover's vow*] Mr. Sheridan's sweetly-plaintive Verses, left in a Grotto near Bath, are here alluded to.

NOTE 23. PAGE 59.

This old-fashioned *Table* is placed within an Alcove, which has been preserved inviolate by Mrs. Boscawen, who possesses the House and Garden formerly occupied by Thomson, in Kew-foot-Lane. The line below the Plate is placed over the entrance, and within the Seat are fixed three Tablets, with appropriate inscriptions.

NOTE 24. PAGE 60.

The Author trusts it will not be thought impertinent, to offer a free explanation of the sense conveyed in these Lines, for the use of such readers as are strangers to the obsolete language of Chaucer.

They, who from a love of simplicity and truth, desire to seek comfort in an humble state, where duplicity can procure them no advantage, may here chance to find more true satisfaction, where the blackbird flutters with the woodpecker;

than where disdainful lordlings sport to the sound of artificial music. Of this, however, let all be persuaded, that discontent is sure to prove unprofitable, that happiness is not attached to mere place or condition, since chastised desires can alone ensure felicity.

Last line, for meke desyres, read desyres meke.

NOTE 25. PAGE 67.

Purple plumage] The under-graduates of Trinity College, Cambridge, wear purple gowns.

NOTE 26. PAGE 68.

The Commodore] A fellow-collegian, so denominated, for the sake of alliteration.

NOTE 27. PAGE 68.

Spanish barrel] A double-barrel Gun, taken from the Spaniards; on which, my Friend used to swear his Comrades, as Hamlet did Horatio upon the Sword.

NOTE 28. PAGE 68.

Neptune's three-fork'd trout spear] An asseveration employed by Charles Cotton, in his Scarronides or Virgile Travestie.

NOTE 29. PAGE 71.

Paragon] A name given to a favorite fowling-piece.

NOTE 30. PAGE 78.

Fire a wollied round] To 'fire a round'—was a cant phrase among the Cantabs for drinking a bumper toast.

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